Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will ſweet Queene. *Sound a retreat.*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Hellen* I muſt woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne buckles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of ſteele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, diſarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris!*
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue,
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maiſter, at my Couſin *Creſſida?*
Man: No ſir ſtayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you ſeene my Couſine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I ſtalke about her dore
Like to a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to theſe fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propoſ'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſſid.*
Pand: Walke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchaunts my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fyne,
Too ſubtill, potent, tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſſe
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides

That

That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.
Pand. Shees making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; y
muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her win
ſhort as if ſhee were fraid with a ſpirite: Ile fetch her; it is
prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new t
ſparrow.
Troy: Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers do their beſtowing looſe
Like vaſſalage at vnwares encountring
the eye of maieſty. *Enter pandar and Creſſid.*
Pand. Come, come, what need you bluſh?
Shames a babie; heere ſhee is now, ſweare the othes no
her that you haue ſworne to me: what are you gone aga
you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? c
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward w
put you ith filles: why doe you not ſpeake to her. C
draw this curtaine, and lets ſee your picture; alaſſe the
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke y
cloſe ſooner: ſo ſo, rub on and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how
a kiſſe in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is ſw
Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The f
con, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith riuer: go too, go
Troy: You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.
Pand: Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but ſheel
reaue you ath' deeds too if ſhe call your actiuity in queſ
what billing again: heeres in witneſſe whereof the partie
terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?
Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O *Creſſid* how often haue I wiſht me thus.
Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?
Troy. What ſhould they graunt? what makes this pretty
ruption: what to curious dreg eſpies my ſweete lady i
fountaine of our loue?
Creſ. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee